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A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

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IN
THIS ISSUE:
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DANGER!**



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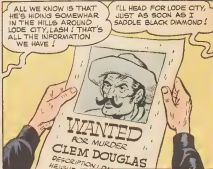
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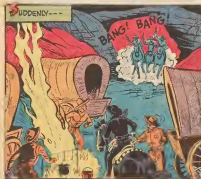
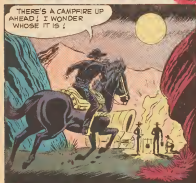
AT THE FEDERAL MARSHAL'S OFFICE---



LODE TOWN, IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF LODE CITY---





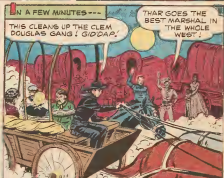












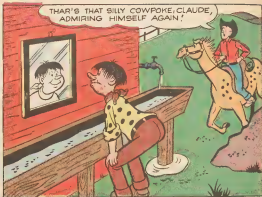
LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in KING OF THE BULLWHIP! Watch for it at your local theatre

LASH LARUE is currently playing at your local movie house in:

- ★ OUTLAW COUNTRY
- ★ SON OF BILLY THE KID
- ★ DEAD MAN'S GOLD
- ★ MARK OF THE LASH
- ★ FRONTIER REVENGE
- ★ SON OF A BAD MAN

Ask your theatre manager when he will show the next LASH LARUE picture!

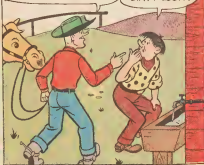


TSK, TSK, HE SHORE IS IN LOVE WITH HIMSELF! AND THAT PROVES LOVE IS BLIND --- BECUZ HE'S NO MORE GOOD LOOKING THAN A MEAN TEMPERED TOAD IN THE RAIN! I OPINE I'LL PUT HIM WISE TO HIMSELF!



HEY, CLAUDE, SHE SHORE GAVE YUH A DIRTY LOOK!

HUH? WHO GAVE ME A DIRTY LOOK?



MOTHER NATURE!



I WUZ ONLY KIDDING, CLAUDE! YUH REALLY HAVE A KIND FACE!

A KIND FACE?



YEAH--- A FUNNY KIND!

(GULP) !!!





SAVING THE STAGE

By Bill Alexander

"It sure is a nice afternoon," smiled young Jed Taylor as he leaned his head against the old wood post and let his whittling drop to his side. He listened to the old player piano across the street in the Diamond Horseshoe Casino pluck out the new song that just hit town, *The Lonely Range*. "Sure is pretty," he thought as the player piano repeated it again.

Last Stop was always kind of dead in the afternoon. The sun beat down steadily, and all the folks seemed to stay at home until the dusty roads cooled off in the evening. You could see clear down the road—not a person moving, except maybe to change positions on the open porch of the Last Frontier Hotel. The hotel was owned by Luke Davis, who also owned the Diamond Horseshoe and the General Store. People said that Luke Davis wouldn't like the idea of another store in Last Stop when the Taylors came to town. But they had been there for four—maybe five—weeks now, and Luke Davis and his boys seemed to think nothing of it.

"You can't judge a man by what folks say about him, Jed." Mom had told him when he brought back the tales he had heard. "Until Mr. Davis shows us he feels different, we aim to count him as a neighbor and friend."

Business had been good, too. On Saturdays it took Mom, Pa, and Jed all day long to satisfy the customers. There was no time for Pa and Jed to sit out on the porch and talk about the home they'd build for Mom as soon as they got five hundred dollars. And last Saturday they just about cleared out the entire lot of goods the stage had brought on the last trip. Folks were going on further west, what with a lot of the land not producing any more. Last Stop grew out of this movement. It was the last town between here and Albinoto, and the dust-covered wagons never failed to pay a visit to one of the stores.

"We don't want to make much money on these folks," Pa had said. "They're folks like us, just trying to find a place to live and work."

News traveled fast and Jed and Pa were pleased when more of the wagons stopped in front of their store. One of the drivers told Jed, "We sure couldn't afford to pay them prices your neighbor across the street is asking if we wanted to eat long. He strikes a mean bargain."

But there were plenty of customers, and Luke Davis didn't seem to mind the competition.

"Almost time, isn't it, Pa?" Jed called inside. "The stage should have been here by now. It 'most always arrives when Widder Lane brings

the clean wash to the Last Frontier, and that was near over an hour ago." And he kept his eyes peered down the dusty, horse-trodden road. Today was a special day—not only because the stage was coming with supplies, but a special shipment of tooled tobacco pouches were coming in along with them. Uncle Jules in Chicago had written Pa that he was in business making them and would send a special supply on the first coach.

As Jed watched the dirt fly, he heard the horses pound hard on the road and come round the corner, and he called again to his father, "Here they come, Pa. Here it is! I can hear the horses coming. The stage is here!" Stage-coach days were the most exciting days in Last Stop.

"What's the matter, Tim," called Pa Taylor as he saw the stage driver buckle over.

"... stage held up, men smashed crates ... beat me up," came the words falteringly.

Jed looked at the back of the stage where the crates were tied. His heart sank as he saw the smashed packages and the ripped pouches. "And Uncle Jules even has his company name—J. T. Co.—engraved on 'em," he thought despondingly. This was sure to dig deeply into their savings. He looked at the boxes marked for Luke Davis—one was badly smashed.

Despite all precautions, the same thing happened on the next two stage deliveries. All of the Taylor's goods were smashed. Luke Davis suffered damages, but he was more lucky. His damages were light. Again, Tim, the driver, told of the holdup and how two masked men smashed the crates near Rattlesnake Gulch. Each time the same thing occurred. The crates were smashed, but nothing was stolen.

The covered wagons kept coming through town and stopping, but soon Pa Taylor had to send the folks across the street to Luke Davis' General Store. His store was out of goods. Things were looking poor. All the shipments were paid for in advance, and Pa Taylor spent the last of their money for the next order.

"Jed, son, if the stage is held up again, that'll just about ruin your Ma and me," despaired the storekeeper. "The stage has just got to get through."

The sheriff had done all he could, but hadn't turned up a single clue. Finally, Luke Davis suggested that a posse be organized to meet the stage coming in that afternoon. "We'll meet it at Rattlesnake Gulch, the place the masked men usually appear."

It wasn't hard to get a posse. In fact, the town was pretty excited about the holdups, and all the men in the region offered to help.

A cloud of dust rose about the milling, restless horses as the men saddled up. The posse moved off at a fast gallop with Luke Davis, Pa Taylor, and the sheriff in the lead. Jed, who was too young to go along, watched the posse ride out of sight. His head down and with his hands thrust in his pockets, he walked across the now deserted street. Only he and the womenfolk were left in town. He turned the corner of Luke Davis' Diamond Horseshoe Casino. "Sure wish I was big enough to ride with the posse and save the goods," he thought. Suddenly, Jed found himself in the path of two hard-riding horses. One of the horses, startled by the boy, reared up and threw his rider. Jed recognized them. They were Luke Davis' men.

"Get out of the way there, boy, do you want to get killed," shouted the other rider angrily as he reined up.

Muttering under his breath, the fallen rider picked himself up and brushed the dust from his levis.

"Come on, let's get going," the other man called.

"Hold on, I dropped something."

"Forget it," shouted back the rider, "let's git."

The cowboy turned and mounted.

"You better hurry if you want to catch up with the posse," called Jed as the riders sped down the street. But they were too busy to pay attention to him.

The boy hesitated a moment at the spot where the man was tossed to the dirt, then dashed over to his father's store where his palomino cow pony stood tied to the rail. Jumping up, he grabbed the pommel and pulled himself into the saddle.

"Giddap, Goldie, we've got to overhaul the posse. It means saving the stage!" he cried excitedly.

The road from Last Stop to Albinoto curved in a half-circle around a rise of hills that formed a ridge overlooking the entire length of the road. Jed urged his pony to a full run and made for the center of the ridge, cutting across the open prairie. Reining up on a high bluff, he overlooked the route that the stage had to pass. Almost directly below him was the posse, half-concealed in a narrow ravine, waiting and watching. And there, far around the bend, but only a short distance from where Jed stood, two men rode hard in an attempt to overtake the on-coming stage!

At breakneck speed, Jed forced his pony down the bluff to where the posse lay in wait.

"Sheriff! Sheriff!" he hollered, "they're attacking the stage!"

"What's that you say, boy?" the sheriff asked, turning in surprise.

"Quick! Follow me over the ridge before it's too late," Jed called.

A slow grin covered Luke Davis' face. "You're not going to believe a crazy kid, are you, Sheriff?" he drawled.

"I don't know," answered the sheriff. "But we can't take the chance. While we wait here, it's possible for somebody to stop the stage up ahead—specially if they should know we were waiting here. Some of you men stay, let the rest of us ride on ahead."

With Jed showing the way, the posse mounted the ridge, rode down the other side, crossed a short stretch of prairie, and hurriedly climbed to the place they figured would be overlooking the stage. As they passed over the high ground, they could see below them the halted stage. The driver had his arms in the air, and two masked men were smashing the crates tied to the back.

"Fan out, men!" ordered the sheriff. "We've got these hombres dead to rights."

With guns ready, the posse drove the horses hard down the slope. "Surround 'em," shouted the sheriff. Taken by surprise, the two masked men hardly had time to reach for their guns, when they found themselves surrounded. Seeing that it was impossible to escape, they held their hands high.

"Draw off the masks," was the cry. "Okay," nodded the sheriff to his deputy. "Let's see who the owlhoots are."

A murmur spread through the band of men. "Luke Davis' men," cried one member of the posse.

A shot rang above the murmur. "I wouldn't try reaching for that Colt again if I was you, Davis," said Pa Taylor, holding a smoking gun. "It would only make things a little harder for you. It's time you learned that this is a free country, and there's no place for men like you who want to run it alone!"

"Take his gun, boys," ordered the sheriff. Then wiping the sweat from his forehead, he turned and smiled. Patting Jed on the back, he continued, "And Jed here found you out! How'd you do it, son?"

Jed twisted around in his saddle. "Back in town one of Luke Davis' men almost ran me down. He was thrown from his horse, but was in such a hurry he didn't stop to pick up the tobacco pouch he dropped. I picked it up and saw Uncle Jules' brand on it—J. T. Co. I knew the only place he could have got it was when he smashed the crate and ruined all the other pouches, so I followed 'em. That's all."

"That's enough," the sheriff said seriously. "You did a man size job for a twelve-year-old boy. It was you who saved the stage, and we're all mighty proud of you!"

"We sure are, son," said Pa Taylor, smiling proudly at his son. "Come on, let's get home to Ma and our store."

THE END



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This fiendish, evil mask is terrifyingly lifelike in appearance. A hideous, greenish color, the Zombie is made of top quality sanitary rubber and can be folded and placed in your pocket. It's lots of fun at parties

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Both masks and Free Book for \$5.00 ☐

I Enclose Money Order ☐ Check ☐

I wish to receive the mask C.O.D. ☐

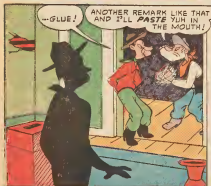
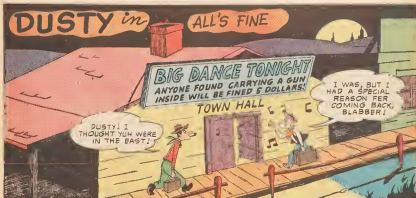
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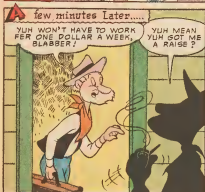
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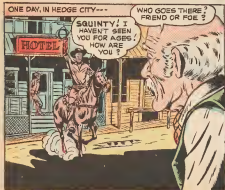


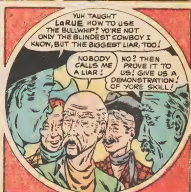
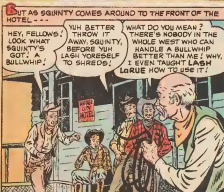
LASH LARUE

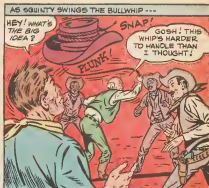
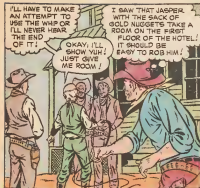
in SQUINTY'S REVENGE

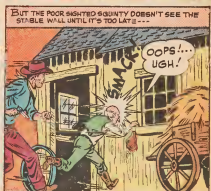
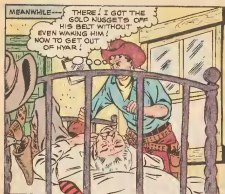


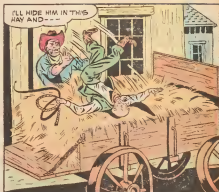
Lash Larue, the roving marshal, has many friends, but none are like the hopeless, helpless and hilarious Squinty! Squinty doesn't see too well, but Lash sees plenty of trouble ahead when he visits his old prairie side-kick!















Lash LARUE



and the

MISSING LOOT!

WHY'S THE PAYROLL MONEY, HUCK?
I SHORE GOT TO HAND IT TO YUH FARGO
EXPRESS MEN THE WAY YUH HANDLE
MONEY WITHOUT BEING SCARED!

YUH GIT USED TO IT
IN TIME!



I'D LIKE
TO MAKE
A DEPOSIT
PLEASE!

IF EVERYONE PUT HIS
MONEY IN THE BANK
THE WAY YUH DO, LASH
LARUE, IT'D BE A
BETTER WORLD!

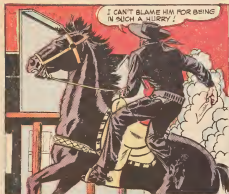
WHY'S YORE
BANK BOOK,
LASH!

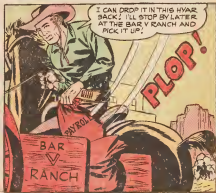
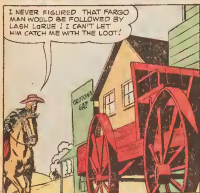
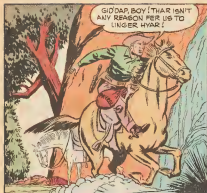
THANKS... WAIT!
THE FARGO
EXPRESS RIDER
FORGOT HIS
RECEIPT!

MAYBE I CAN
CATCH HIM!

HE CAN'T HAVE
GONE FAR!

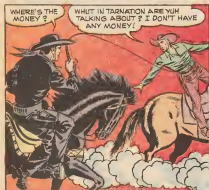




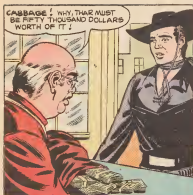


PLOP!

BAR
V
RANCH

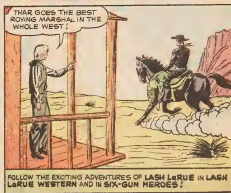
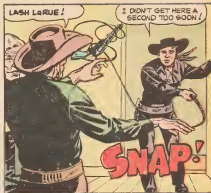






MEANWHILE, AT THE BAR V RANCH -----

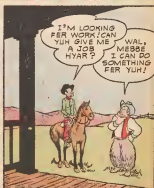




MOLASSES MOUTH



**JOB
JIBBERISH**



Scare your friends
with these mysterious

MAKE-UP TRICKS



Cut disguises like those shown above out of black paper, making them the right size to fit your face.



Make a small loop of cellophane tape like this, with the sticky side out. Then press it flat on back of the disguise as shown.



Try making different disguises yourself - it's fun figuring out all kinds of mustaches, beards, eyebrows, false noses and ears. And "Scotch" Cellophane Tape holds these on your face like magic!



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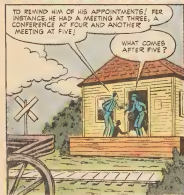
10¢ 15¢
25¢ 39¢

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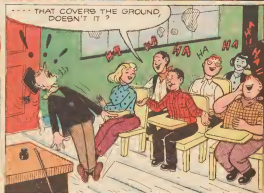
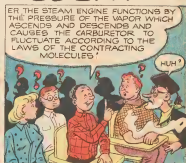
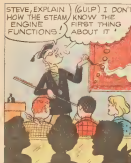




LASH LARUE WESTERN



STEVE THE STUDENT



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and **The Post Office Bandits**



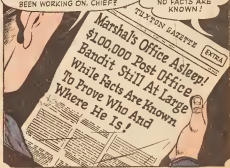
At the Chief Marshal's Office in Larado--

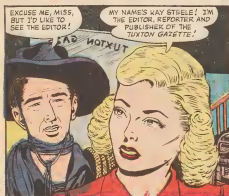
YOU SENT FOR ME, CHIEF?

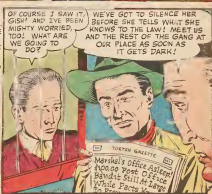
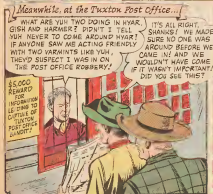
I SURE DID, LASH! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PAPER!

THOSE ARE MIGHTY STRONG WORDS! ISN'T THIS THE CASE THAT SECRET MARSHAL SAM WHITE HAS BEEN WORKING ON, CHIEF?

YES! AND ACCORDING TO WHAT I JUST HEARD FROM HIM, NO FACTS ARE KNOWN!











I'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE THEY SEE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! AND THEN I CAN GO AFTER THEM!



But by the time Lash gets back---

THEY'RE GONE! BUT ONE THING'S SURE--THE BANDITS ARE STILL IN TOWN! I'D BETTER GO BACK AND TAKE KAY OUT OF THE BRUSH WHERE I HID HER! SHE'S PROBABLY FRIGHTENED TO DEATH, BEING BY HERSELF AFTER WHAT HAPPENED!



Shortly after...

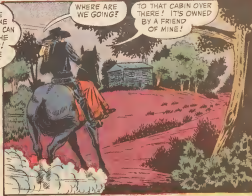
I GUESS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, BUT I STILL THINK SAM WHITE IS BEHIND THAT GANG! AND DON'T START LAUGHING WHEN I MENTION HIS NAME!



I CAN'T HELP IT, KAY! BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME PLACE WHERE I CAN HIDE YOU UNTIL THE GANG IS CAPTURED! YOUR LIFE WON'T BE SAFE UNTIL THEN!

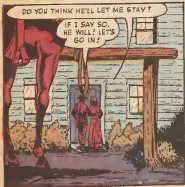
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO THAT CABIN OVER THERE! IT'S OWNED BY A FRIEND OF MINE!



DO YOU THINK HE'LL LET ME STAY?

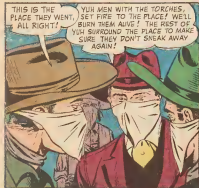
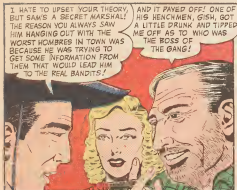
IF I SAY SO, HE WILL! LET'S GO IN!



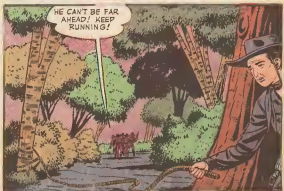
LASH! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

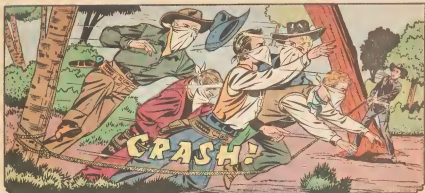
WHY, THAT'S SAM WHITE! THE MAN WHO'S BEHIND THE POST OFFICE ROBBERY!











GET UP WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR AND LEAVE YOUR SHOOTING IRONS ON THE GROUND!

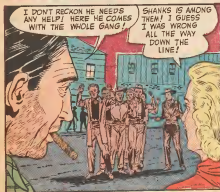


NOW YOU CAN TAKE OFF THOSE MASKS AND START MARCHING! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP!



At the jailhouse...

I'M SAFE ENOUGH NOW! YOU'D BETTER GO BACK TO SEE IF YOU CAN HELP LASH!



I DON'T RECKON HE NEEDS ANY HELP! HERE HE COMES WITH THE WHOLE GANG!

SHANKS IS AMONG THEM! I GUESS I WAS WRONG ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE!



Later, at the new TUXTON GAZETTE office...

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A STORY THAT STICKS TO THE FACTS!

I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! FROM NOW ON, I'LL PRINT ONLY FACTS!

ATTN: SA

TUXTON GAZETTE
MARSHALLS CATION
POST OFFICE BANDITS
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BODY IN THE WORLD!

WANTED

BOYS & GIRLS TO GET THESE SWELL PRIZES



Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Movable eyes. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



Famous Overcraft Set For interesting experiments, with Magic Book. Sell one order.



A fast shooting 1000 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.



Gold cap pistol puffs smoke. All leather holster and belt. Sell one order.



CINDERELLA WRIST WATCH. Comes packed in beautiful glass slipper. A dainty guaranteed watch for girls. Sell one order plus \$3.00.



Sensational New Remote Control Toy Car. Fun for everyone. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



Pretty Dresser Set. Five full size pieces. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



3 POWER BINOCULARS. Matched lenses. Special shoulder strap. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



Boys! Get this Official Size Football. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



A Real camera 60 rolls with carrying case. Sell only one order of Xmas Packs.



YOUR CHOICE OF ANY 2 exciting books of Hopalong Cassidy, The Lone Ranger, or Mystery books for girls and boys. Sell one order.



Film of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy and Woody Woodpecker, included with each set. Sell one order plus \$4.50.



Ideal instrument for beginners. Complete instructions, nylon strings. Sell one order plus 30c.



Made by Ben Pearson for boys and girls. Includes laminated bow, arm guard, instructions. Sell one order of Xmas packs.



A handsome guaranteed watch with cowboy strap & buckle. Picture of Roy Rogers on dial. Sell one order plus \$1.75.

Here's How—Do it Now!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get fine prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother, too. Most prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Price Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 45 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the larger prizes require extra money as stated in our Big Price Book.

It's easy to sell these pretty Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 beautiful Xmas cards, 2 envelopes, and 16 sparkling Xmas seals—all for 10c. When sold send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Price Book, or, take 1/3 cash commission. Many boys and girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE. You can too, so start NOW!

Mail the coupon TODAY for Xmas Packs and that Big Price Book that shows over 70 exciting prizes to choose from. Tell us what prize YOU want. Send no money—we trust you. AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY Dept. 203, Lancaster, Pa.

Our 32nd Year

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO. Dept. 203, Lancaster, Pa. Please send me your Big Price Book and one order of 45 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____
or R F D Box _____

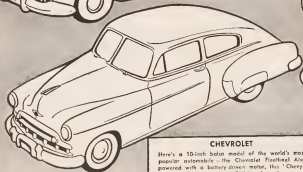
City _____

State _____

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